To morow shall we visite you againe.
Pri. Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace.
Na. Thy owne wish wish I thee in euery place. *Exit.*
Ber. Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.
Ber. I would you heard it grone.
Ros. Is the foole sicke.
Ber. Sicke at the hart.
Ros. Alacke, let it blood.
Bar. Would that do it good?
Ros. My Phisicke saies I.
Ber. Will you prickt with your eye.
Ros. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Ber. Now God saue thy life.
Ros. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thankes-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that same?
Boyet. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady *Mounsir*, fare you wel. *Exit.*
Longauill. I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.
Lon. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name?
Bo She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a shame.
Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter?
Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.
Lon. Gods blessing on your beard.
Bo. Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falconbridge*.
Lon. Nay my coller is ended, She is a most sweet Ladie.
Bo Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauil.*

Enter Berowne.

Bero. Whats her name in the capp?
Boy. *Katherin* by good happ.
Ber, Is she wedded or no?
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.
Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit Bero.*

Lady